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Jan.

1939

So I take a new nib, as in bringing Ryes to the verge of Josette with the old one, & spend my last 5 minutes, this very June January morning, in writing the first page of the new year.
Last 5 minutes before lunch – how inaugurate this important volume in that time, with this brain? A brain still running on the rules of the last sentence. which last sentence will be re-written a dozen times, too. So the dominant theme is work: Ryes: the others the usual Rodmell themes. Weather, I've let the front go too far away. We came down 14 or 15 days ago & found all pipes frozen. There was snow for 5 days – bitter cold: wind. We staggered for one hour through the blizzard. Chains were on wheels. We slewed over to Charleston & Telton a Christmas day. Then, 2 days later, woke to find fresh green grass everywhere. The long spikes of ice hanging down the kitchen window had drops on them now. They melted. The pipes thawed. Now it's a June morning with an East wind. And time up. But the book's begun anyhow. And perhaps I shall get a clearer head & day to revise it tomorrow. To Alciston yesterday, & envied the view of the farmhouse. But L says "I prefer Monks House" & walked in Firle Park. At 1 got to that great yellow chute magnificence. L said, "I prefer Monks House." So to lunch.

Monday
5th Jan.

Now that I have brought my train to the state I am
old washerwoman Harnack over Rye – but
the Poetic chapter – at all two detailed, but
tried down – I must expand, first on the
correspondence Poole – then, for 4 days I mean
before me for work on Sunday, in fact: though I'm
forward not must work to work, even better.
Rodmell is a ground on the train: in winter
especially. I walk 3 solid hours: walk 2: then
we read, until interval for cocktail dinner, music, bed
bed 11.30. I've then read L's second volume: very
fine: Jack: moulded: nobble; & Eva to marry
packet of Ri letters: & some Turgenev. Chaucer –
some nouveau books. weather now broken. flowers
& Jack: march under water. Charlotte broken up.
Maynard Cathedrals. And that summed me I
2 obituaries. I should have walked had I not been
summoned: Jack Hills – Metz. Metz was found
dead a Boxing day I think: his white old woman saw
punkers: eyes shut: tail wrapped round his neck.
L. buried him in the snow under the oak.
Jack died the same day about – no Ynna Eva:
& I had a train (but haven't) I could've told him
life: as it affected ours, 30 years ago. The
last time I saw him was in the Leeds Library
a year ago: from Hunt's Roy; I heard his
ageing stamina: was two days to speak. He was
talking to a lady about a visit they had paid together
a year then unknown life. For who he was,
where he lived even had long been lost to me.
Get-at-able our youthful direction he was the most
Open minded, less least repressed, could best have

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stifled in such later development. had we not gone our
ways - he to Politics, Paris, we to Bloomsbury.
I remember his address to me in Fitzroy Square after
V's marriage on the sexual lives of young men. Can they
be homosexual? I asked - when he said how all
male talk was about women: how young men had
no ideas. He was amused. I remember the
moonlight night we stood head: the trams: the
shadows on the faces: Stella: he in the summer house:
Morley Morton & the tramps. Sophie Coulsons the:
the tramps looked in at the kitchen window, where
we sat getting a meal for Mr Sloss.
And then Stella: Katie, one day Later, & how he came
round & ask me, & talked in his natural
voice. And then Thoby actually sprang at
Pamwich. letting me hang in a summer house,
glen dunn: he started my hair in agony:
torn agenda - you Cant understand - no?
trying a mask back, making a symbol of
agony. Then the long interviews with Stella:
La Loue: the row with Jorge. The they fought
fat married? - had he kissed me & me -
Rather brutally told me his suspicions: asked me
to speak to her - to warn her. Remember her
disgusted reproach - "Jm too?" And
Jacques reproach - "Jacques Lewis. If she wants to, I won't
interfere." Then he felt in love, with Elena:
with Imogen. A letter from Italy: "Never
think that I've forgotten Stella, tho' I've
loved other women" — & so the betrothal, the
very Casual meetings: his marriage: & the end.
The sketch must serve, since I'm late
Jaked to work:

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Jan 17th

London on Tuesday. Five minutes left of the morning. Yesterday I went to the London Library; thought I'd been there for 40 years: read Tom's diary during the Crimean, or rather — skipped his underlined meanings over my fluid mind; home & read Delacroix Journals: about what I could write: I mean the idea that it among the painters not the writers one finds Utabelsky. Conversation - This upon to a sentence of his about the personality of the painters' meaning; & how a writer always superficializes. I wish I could distil some of my thoughts about "The Situation" into nuggets. The Spanish war is being won yesterday today & tomorrow by Franco. I dreamt of Julian - Trudy and I in Amsterdam South. "The limitations of Bloomsbury" meaning village as a remedy: whatever her practice? This represents a vein of thought that I may work on. Igor has bought a motor car — out of my £150? Another vein of thought worth while I struggle. The pacification of the soul. This is a fact, however: my struggle. Today — drowsy wet — I may go to Mathew Smith's pictures: or may not. John comes. Question of our relations with John. At Clives on Sunday. A good discussion of painting & music. Janie Jane tongue. Azelia sang a song. L. talked. To old Nena. I'm taking 4 days holiday from Pyke. working (R.H. the Bam scene. I've learnt something from the Jean — just translates into French. Now the clock strikes one.

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Jan. 18th

This undoubtedly a great freshener to hair may story taken by Hampton. I heard this morning. A beautiful story, enchanted to hear it. 600 dollars made stem (therefore) am paying off Helen's money, and I dared I vowed. But the encouragement, I must note, by way of repelling my theories that one should do without encouragement, is a warmer, a truer. I can't deny it. I was. Partly as that answer, in fact blessed this morning with R.H. I think I have struck a more direct method of summarising relations: & then the poems (his metre) ran off the prose lyric-vein, which, as I apprehend Pope. I overdo that was by the way the best criticism I've had for long time. That I practise my maximal scenes, then my personality; don't let the meaning emerge from the matière — Certainly I owed Pope £150.

I went to Hertford House in the yellow rain yesterday & saw Bridgeman & Burnaljacco — no that was the name — a little better verification for the book & which I must turn tomorrow. Next page are about Rs politeness. Now about, because Adam Smith Sibs, ahedonyse. for this not worth a nail a Pope. John to tea — deferred. He & L. never alluded to their Exchange of abuse. But I thought him rather worn down. I am not yet up in London politics. the poor little. he are well away to our friends; but I must see Mrs Lyttelton the Refugee Austrian Jewess: & today Mrs Woolf — The blanks with felt. I am going walking & adventuring going to see pictures of an afternoon: & afterwards face to face, after tea, a real moment, with the idea of death & age. What change the idea of death into an Existing experience? — as one did marriage in youth? Life is baffled today by my creature felt — still a bubble. And then the already passion with which I now read... A rainy day. Rain real wet drops: which splashing from the road. I must somehow save my way back into Roger- that Rff fiercely: my mind full of pictures — tea in the greenhouse — the hut in their hayes.

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January

Sunday
15th 22

and my article on Biography has been taken by the Atlantic
This is a letter over 2 weeks I made something
over round about £160. Helen paid off. At the same
time, the Speras, a battered couple lodging in
Hamilestown. came to tea: implore us to get her a
permit to teach German: both in the depths of
a kind of thirty unformulated despair. drawn from
Crosby with a bundle of old pictures only which no one
will buy. Also, war is coming close again. Just as in
September. I think the next screw will be in
March. Due to broadcast today on National
Service. We are warned to buy extra food & use it
on supply of wade. Osmund came to lunch,
overhanged the Speras. left at 5. Suddenly his
face falls into the tragic old man's
despair. Then twinkles. Always thinking. "My
Chief delegate in the upstairs thought to the
brain. No I don't care whether Rachel has a child or
not. I live in ideas. And what a word to
bring children into (another fixed moment)
A discussion about readers & writers criticism. How to
uphold the standard; & yet have a sense of
direction. Whether to encourage St Denis even of the
Particular play is bad. How the cultivated always
Kill their own offspring e.g. the Omega, or the
Life & Letters: panbly Bothamy. "I've lost my hyphen
standard." He is off to America to get
£200 by lecturing. I look at my letters from
Editors.. No old

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January

Wednesday
Jan 24th

On the placards this afternoon: Franco at the gates of Barcelona: Madrid to defend. The report to own new voluntary recruits. The cream the Cadres of the other. Yesterday 300 bullets were found thrown into the bushes on the other side of Parliament Square.
A reporter came to ask if Woolf would give any information. One Miss Welch whose lodger in Tavistock Place a Communist. There are rats in Woolf's basement, which I (fascinated by the idea again) go to the Cocktail at the BBC. I re-read Helen Keller, on a fine spring day, the eve of my 59th birthday. And as the bus coming back from the Flower Show I dissected my new 'novel': a pot we planned the book on this route, if we could live another 30 years.

Sunday, 29th Jan

Yes. Barcelona has fallen: Hitler speaks tomorrow: The next Dem rehearsal began: Thursday Marie Stopes, Princess de Polignac; Philips, Pethwick Lawrence & Dr. Reed in the last 3 days. also had tea with Lewis & the Stephen-Parkers. Dr. Reed gave me a narcissus. was asked in a great library with ultra-Bolshevik pictures & Communist leaflets on the table - her letter patients in chair - I served up Spanish wine: with a monkey hypnosis, paralysed Spaniards immediately - but also - as Hitler. Shakespeare before the person with he worked out. about his books. Fame? I was infamous rather than famous. didn't make £50 (his last book. difficult talk - An interview - Haydn. Martin helped. unusual potential. I mean an old face now as Stickney. when he left he took up the standard what are you going to? The Light - war.

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Jan.
Monday 23rd

Freud said it would have been worse if you had not won the war - I said we the felt guilty - if we had failed, perhaps Hitler would have not been - No, he said, with great emphasis: he would have been infinitely worse. They considered leaving for 3 months: made up their minds in 24 hours - very alert at Lis mention of the Law, when the Judge decreed that the Criminal should read 20 of Freud's books - Adrian says the Pss Bonaparte gave him this - great relief to Hampstead mansion - "But we don't like it as much as our flat in Vienna" said Anna - A certain stream: all upstairs are like Gulls with their beaks out for possible crumbs - Martin & his novel; she on her book. The stream as it were of strong hilarious. Liz party varied & no doubt successful - The young danced till 3. Ryder "Crimson velvet: Tom & Lytton head work in brown frogging: Janie in a great rose: Clive Shallots, dancing with Bobo: repairing that old breach. Duncan a blond French prince - Ann almost naked, very distinguished, lonely: aloof: Jura: Richard urbane & unperturbable: always the same. Angelica said: Molly attracted, liked, disliked: rejoined by Ursa & Bosh Drage. And the dream bobbing boats in the waves - dukes & hoping to get into touch with someone as they approaching & drawn off & then attacking themselves: Portia Nelson. She smiled. A kind of liberation caused by wearing a mask: depriving abandonment of not being one's usual self. Tom expanding in the light & this much and do. Last night Jean's death announced. That great stock Lony loved part, whom I met last at Ottoline. Dotty rode back from her high estate: but I try to cultivate sympathy rather than satire. And we are all on keyless, marks Heth Mench daughter.

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January
30th

A very sunshiny day yesterday - saw no one. Took the bus to Southwark Bridge - walked along Thames Street; saw a flight of steps down to the river. I clambered down - a hole at the bottom - Found the strand of the Thames, under the warehouses - strewn with stones, bits of wood, shells; ships lying at the Bridge (Southwark? - no, the one next to Tower Bridge) very slippery: warehouses walls cracked, weedy, worn - the river must cover them at high tide - It was now low. People on the Bridge stared. Difficult walking - at last reached riverside place, great chains, wooden pillars, green stone, bricks corroded, a button hook thrown up by the tide. A bitter cold wind. Thought of the refugees from Barcelona walking 40 miles, one with a baby over Pyrenees - To Tower. Made a circuit: discovered St Olave's Hart Street; Pepys's church; too cold to explore; wandered about Fenchurch alley, Billingsgate; walked up Leadenhall Market; thought of buying the wild geese; saw a Golden Pheasant; so back to Omnibus: The Strand & Shops the product of this factory mood; tried to buy books (Country of the Blind) praised by Tom Other night; failed; to home; left the Kelfos at 8 New with his connection; read Michelet; wrote to Desmond about his poetry; & out at Fabians; played gramophone; listened to Don Marino Varia. Father less truculent than expected; read MSS: read the Magnificat Rothenbeds; & so to bed. My head has now probably one more against Roger a lark; so to Hampton Ct; I wrote the old Henry Taylor telegram story that's been humming in my mind these 10 years & have a feeling of life & activity again: Patrick & the Bowen - Sean O Faolain this afternoon we go to Mrs Woolf's instead: & now, as usual, lunch.

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Feb.

Too tired even to write up Nancy's Berlin letter. This tiredness was bred of 8 hours incessant talk after four days incessant din. That was on 4 days at Mt. St. people accumulate. Elie Bowen Sean O'Faolain, Bunch Lenart.

Looking at my old French diary I was led to speculate I find only this: that I won't budge from the scheme there (1932) laid down for treating decline & fame. To accept: then ignore: & always venture further. Obviously there are no limits when one submits. Always have all the Egotist, dictated attitude: find what under it. But I can't even write this plain. And Molly ...

But we go to Crufts day three: fine again: Feb. 16th 17th jangled with talk — talk to Waved from 4 to 5: then to Isabel Lewis: the Hamburgers. talk: home, a Raymond Anna Freud, the Chelsea talk till 12.30 — 9 hour walk, frothy talk, varied by buying Michelet at Nutts, & the Country & the Blood. A hammer & a drill thro' money exacerbate still further: they're pulling down 17 S. a building opposite. We out in the brisk cold to buy note books. I'm starting my stand from of literature. That's I'm going to write a book of discovery, reading as one pulls a string out: & must follow my trail through Levigne Michelet Jouvenel Maugham &c. That's the idea; encouraged by that vast mathematical Mayer Strachey, who implored me to do criticism as indeed I've long wanted. David Storr friend his: Raymond — oh what a little hawk clerk, dust, common, he's grown: had an nails, &c smug, with a new drawing mahogany with his hand, & none of the old flutter — weetness. Leeves is down to oh age. And I too shrivelled, & very very old.

Rachel wanting her child.

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28th Feb.

This unfortunate, for both our sake. that I have such here
Ezabel when Jangled with talk. I only record this
Jumper & the dismals. & them very barely.
A holiday from Peter. And an days happiness with D.H.
then two many parcels; books coming over & a head
ache at the back. As usual, when I'm Prone,
all the fruits debts. The usual ones. I needed the city.
I have to 'sneak' to poly technics & engagements
me Chiefly. Innumerable efforts to add to the
tangle. Then — The recorded them when I saw D
wouldn't. Harold upstairs Daddy, about 2 years. to d.
I go in, on my covering. He is down in for me.
morgan to lunch Saturday. Much argument: Commonsense
defeated; abuse & duties on the Label Commercial: also
so step about Peter & Prudence: the mad. Nina after
dinner. My old thorn about Helen rankles.
Oh that I never upset you. Lines as usual.
Saxon 20 minutes on the phone. Lunch with
Graham Harris: Add Chapt into a Chelsea
Man's voice. Add to the my petty jealousies.
all the same) that I can tramps about, literally,
by walking the afternoon. Plenty of Things to see;
needed buy clothes: a sleep over a book. So
shall be done tomorrow. Darkness at 12.15 I
would walk now. Only it pours. So I
work read poetry quietly. Think — Lawrence Shelley
down here with me. Then just had Mont Blanc,
but can't make it "compose": clouds perpetually
over lapping. If a new poem, what should I say.' I
think a great idea somewhere: in the language so
nebulous, or rather words overlapping. like ripples,
each attacking the other, gently: a general confusion
results. Yesterday, Franco was recognised.
And Julian was killed for this. Nina thinks
I suppose making heavy love. Succeeding: very busy.

March · 3rd

what the organ of the supernatural is that in his ear? — that what I've just written: a meant (12.15) duration from that to described yesterday. Thursday: a very long day, but on the whole successfully accomplished. Not at all a nice morning, — warned by my breath, so I walked. And brought some clothing: a skin off me went to the Polytechnic; & met a little brown faced nonconformist in Cordwainers: inhabited a mask of illustrations to O. & Him we came, say 50 art students: blouses, berets; mostly. Jewry, impressive: stood up, — not very nervously spoke, improving, colloquially. Then L. gave his views: as a publisher. And that was a great occasion — very valuable indeed, and the Professor: — asked him to stand again — what he did. So it went formidable. It was rather cheerful. And free — easy. Better much than Oxford & Cambridge: which remind me. Next Leonhard today opposed me a Doctor Degree: what I agreed. Then they gave us a specimen book & platter two architects printing: & then we got off. And I walked myself such Chances. Then to dine at the Cheshire, a la Carte, but on the whole, admirable & agreeable Monday evening. Reps: 2 fat leaders, identical; dentists; dentures; Rees inferiority, independent sharp: Tangye dear, this man with the absurd name who writes into N. Chronicle; & Dermod Maclarty; & L. in from the Cranium. I was pleased, vaincu, to find that Ivey thinks me a hack-novelist, utter fraud; & T. L. also liked something of the. To me talked shop. The novel. They hate the intricate novel. He tears up. The Law hides in a drawer. Studying Judgments drawer. for that I've written several pages & Pitt. although Mrs Comyns Barnett is pleased. Must see the end of Rees. perhaps at N.H. this week end. At very late June the day at top of the Thesis. But I meant to say that Keeran conducting

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March

there parties seemed to me admirable: & was the laughed, & laughed & laughed; trying to describe the prevalence of "stuff" & laughed too. Then we discussed tin: iron; & D. who has his vein of queer humour, told us how Raymond Asbestos said that organ pipes are pure tin. Mrs. Rogers described the making of felt: & so on. Very clever, & sensible, & sympathetic. A great many parties in the offing. We have the makings for happiness again. A new Poke started. A lull in the Windy Row. Vera's lectures all Paul's & a Labour P. making to night.

Saturday March 11th

Yesterday, that is Friday 10th, I set the last word to the first sketch of Roger. And now there to begin & write not even to begin, but to have & revise. A formidable ground to cover: a innumerable details, & apply my biographer: & the remembering & diary at hand: all the same I've carried Roger to the end; & may allow myself one moments mild gratification. Where are the days since I started. And I've no time to go into all the innumerable horrors. Worn maybe, a flick of life in it — & a small duster ashes? A day in bed at first: dash & rush with the meeting, & dinner at L: & then back to the burglary. Heard the burglar laugh as he slammed the door taking over £6 in a taxi. Cashbox. We stayed up till John. Then the Great Psycho Analysis dinner on a cold wet night: Adrian talk: dine at 9 till 12.30. Wrecked by vacancy & verbosity meredith. Lord dear how rambling & corky. And gossip with Duncan & Adrian: Poor Mrs Dor so — Mynch & Moneypenny dead Letters: good progress, snatched, uncharacteristic. Mary Hunter: Rebecca West: & retrospect & Committee to ask to dinner Mrs Klein. Then a cocktail at John. Rosamond & her new fancy,

March

Utterly lovely evening. Gt Rees, undulated, intelligent: a over fireman
von – something. What call you Penny said L. And
I dont know why I agreed to lunch with Diana Cooper to
meet Ethel Smyth at supper the moment – why am I so
unfashionable? why am I so old. So ugly, so – so
Carlwatt. And the Wenden grandmother on Sunday.
Not alone today.

Monday
March
16th.

Jack I see in the morning papers left £3,000 only.
I see too that Hitler has marched into Prague.
This, says the Rt. "is not in the spirit of the
Munich meeting". My comment on hour is
imperfect. We sit a watch. Yesterday in Bond
Street where I finally did lay out £10 on clothes,
I saw a crowd round a car, & in the back seat
was a Cheetah with a chain round his loins.
I also found a present for Ethel & Jones
Family Reunion & looked no pleasure from the
first page – Yet enjoyed Chanel. Michelet –
Pax – party – unrecorded? A woman of character –
but de design. I reserve judgment.
night before Mrs Klein died – the back wash grey
face some submerged – how shall I say – not
craft, but subtlety: working underground.
A hint, a twist like an undertow: menacing
A bluff shy haired lady, with large
bright imaginative eyes. Women on the
tip of my pen – only I had to work – to write
Rose – that to record, in brief form,
Lunch with Lady Diana Cooper Cost 3/6.
Yes, for some unfathomable grey over. I said I missed
lunch & must tell Ethel. Old Ethel my dear.
We are witness the aristocracy who aren't even

impressed, I took a 1/- cab from Hyde Pk Corner: a Chapel Street man only one step down the road. Contrast the feebleness of this aristocracy in the eye line. Diana has inherited a vast house — Late in a dowagerroom like the Throne Chops: new furniture — Chimneys boiled up. A plan room, looking onto the Duke of Westminsters great walk — he has a powerful tennis court. Wonderful creepers hang down. This great house is so tenderly faced. The tinted mark of the late Duchess new Glass Cases. Rex Whistler discreet amusing Late 18th Century Decoration — all delicate, reminiscent. And then dull Great Library, that might have been for Lord Acton or Lord Macaulay — here Rex again at work, fabricating 18th Century. Race of Sargent. Grace of the late Duchess, Count at the Zoo. The usual Diana Simplicity. May Ultra darker. Many Concoctions. But beauty & Luck & unsaturated Possession. "I don't like possession" said W. She has a bedroom like a shop again. On the table a 6d Penguin. Room for Madame de Maintenon. Montespan &c. Only done Diana, all niceness, frankness, ultra Nair free swamp that) like in the aristocracy: but they on Church 3 Comed hat (ah. become he) Crisp they were free, but had no whom to be. Talk trumpeted, emphatic, difficult. about Maurice Baring. Letter with shaved bag Came in. W) Drove Ethel to waterloo & peer 2/6 — was then too cold in my Emery to walk, W home. Rejoined lunch with Harry at the Athenaeum. Jim Thurber for comical book. Sat pon

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March

I too loved the diary form? Would this make me free to
go from book to book – a kind of be too personal?
I might take some subtle, like Peter Ibbetson &
Seraphine &c. But I must let it simmer.
A blend shade of frost today – tea with Nena: then
alone tonight: M H the week end, in my new
green linen waterproof. Ka's back improving.
Rau talks of an allergic doctor, who discovers
desensibilities: but Rau does not ring up.

Wed.
March 22nd

Tom sent me his play, Family Reunion. No I don't do.
Read it over the week end. N Wants Theories. But no...
Since the settlement with Stylized Charles can't be accepted.
He's a type not a dramatic. But here there no
free agents: is caught back by the character: has no
power to embody: as dull as poker. And the
Chez poker is Tom: but can't speak out. A cold
repeat poker. And the Fates behind the drawing room
curtain. A clever beginning – some ideas: but
they open out: a nothing piece: all mist – a
fracture: a groan: but not a dramatist. a
monologist... He is stated very forcibly by the
Raban's money. The news not so forcibly. Ian
to on Thursday. I'm welcome for reason I can't go with
Geoffrey returned: why? Had it been a success
would it have remained sealed – my ideas? does the
fracture confirm a new idea of me – that I'm envious
in Rft about the drama? or is it jealousy? &
then shower of play. A mixture of both...
very fine at the moment: a above: a confounded work-
a dress maker: & L. all wash. Rau says it will go
in time. Reading Eddie March. Finished the
18th Century Scene in Rft. Odd how freely &
happily I dash that off. Roger put aside.
No, can't write him. Politics baffled: but
hugely vocal. on the phone. An account by Arlott
Cricket party.

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March

I was tired the diary home? would this make me free to
go from book to book – and it be too personal?
I might take some subtle, like Peter Shaw: or to
Lovegrove &c. But I must let it simmer.
A blind Thaw of frost today – tea with Nina: then
alone tonight: M H the week end, in my new
green linen waterproof. Ld's back improving.
Rau talks of an allergic doctor, who discovers
sensibilities: but Rau does not bring up.

Wed.
March 22nd

Tom out – me her play, Family Reunion. No I don't do.
Read over the week end. N Wants theories. But no...
for me the refinement make stylised chatter. Not in accept.
He's a hyena not a Hamlet. But here there no
free lyricism is caught back by the character: has no
power to embody: as Ibsen can poetry. And the
Chez poker is Tom: but can't speak out. A cold
upright poker. And the Furies behind the drawing room
curtain. A clever beginning – some ideas: but
they open out: a nothing piece: all mist – a
fracture: a brood hen not a dramatist. A
monologist. She is stalked very hotly by the
Rabbit this morning. She never met so hotly. Leo
to on Thursday. I'm welcome for vacation I can't go with
decently declined: why? Had it been a success
would it have remained sealed – my ideas? does the
fracture confirm a new idea of me – that I'm envious
in R H about the drama? or is it jealousy? &
then shows L's play. A mixture of knowing...
very fine at the moment: a shower: a confounded work-
a film maker: & L. ah well. Rau says it will go
in time. Reading Eddie March. Finished the
18th Cent Scene in R H. Odd how dully &
happily I dash that off. Roger put aside.
No, I can't write here. Politics lulled: but
hugely vocal. on the phone. An account by Arlott
Lunch party.

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29th March.

There can be no doubt that Tom knew that his play was a
failure. He was very fellow & heavy lidded. We talked about his
card, & I asked what he said his lectures, & Chant & that, were
"very bad", a proof, I think, that all his work was never re-
But the enemy was subtly occupied. Keightley Macaulay
invented himself & Jane Austen & Lally their modicum of
Politics. Otherwise literature had been two
redundant. Then Mr Ellis & Joseph, also self-invited,
came. And paid out elaborate, yet oddly
interesting stories about smoking haddock — how he was
given for 10/- another cigar which he stepped to the
Druggist; & pushed in, out, with Oliver Pell & Mr
Nat Lee. And they were only Clarke. An intricate
pompous, yet interesting Jerry man. And they
stayed till 12.30. Hence I'm tired in the head, &
can't talk easily. Think of walking, to prepare for
Hunt. A silly idea, having him alone: but I must
drink up some thing. not sit dreamy here. & my head
aches. Kate. Recently told L. that Gurney
Archdeacon has been playing over London.
Needed surrender by Kate says was in
intoxication.

30th March. No, it was a good idea having Hyde alone. He
gave me a full account of his legal life.
Which I retain. Their faults. He only loves men who don't
love men. Tried to drown himself once over Melcheer.
Jumped into a river: stuck in mud; dragged a lawyer
Knight; saw him in the Hall, all Indians about.
Reconciliation. Told me two other Butts at the
Elephant Castle. How the men go there: saw
Ld. Carnbrooke naked: saw Ld Beauchamp
in the act with a boy; Cato at the Beefsteak
ate medals. Has had a married life with Harold
for 15 years without intervals. All his

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helps up a rich life gets. Have no knowledge: & he can't see them
his words. They are therefore about lives he hasn't lived
with explanations they haven't. Hasn't the courage to
write about his real life. Would think people like
told me how he had had a father & son simultaneously.
Copulation unknown names. Clean names fade. Lives at
Hampstead with Harold's family & friends & completely
naturally. All this is a great deal better than he
literary truth. Wished me to compare experiences with
thought. Spoke of such phenomenon. His been
at Rome working daily outside for Heart patients.
We couldn't do this. Started motor 2 cyl and
a year in 1912. Has supported Melchior &
others. Law, arrogant, another Hugh. Odd that
he's never felt any feeling for women; but he seems to
suffered Lesbian: his brother extremely without
Ux— a shoemaker. Has talked from 4.30 to
7.30; without a break. And liked him &
Engaged at. Tho' crushed in the head. Went to
Highgate in the morning; saw the whitethorn
stone. Met 2 old women in Parliament Hill:
Each wore a Cap of Turkish embroidery in her
white straggly hair: very poor unkempt; big
boots; black wrinkled stockings. Go boy. Are
Dad, Now if you don't come Pete I shall
run away... They were hobbling Curious
Vision of this. Extreme poverty, decrepitude. The
Place plagued with boys by Peter. Has they
led him; & were educated... Still brazen
Confessed: Memory stays. Molly's
Operation over, apparently successful. Seemed
with a bad cold; Love Dead. To that ah,
& I'm sadly again with Roger.

MYPL

March 31st

Yes I made a pleasure contingent about wearing the pansy of life. I was glad to get home. I wonder yet time. after a worried domestic day; then I had a temperature went to bed; the Women Club was imminent. Letty was wearing up the pansy & life & we glad to what work. I need to type, Remember, this is the description of an evening. I'm on the pier view to decorate afternoon to note it. I shall thank on them in their way, but forget them. And on I'm normal & up & at it a fine morning I'm not conscious of holding up my pansy. only distracted rather on cant settle in but must do Ris Cambridge letter. Clem read, fractiously, words some motives. given at the back when about R. among women- "the old creature was lying on a camp bed reading with a candle beside her & then the only trouble need to remember, a rhubarbe, after 30 minutes morning. and R- flew in magnificent with apt- reference to the H.S. review, I expect. Jena silent, disapproving demand did not come. Ramsay. a rather scattered meeting.

NYPL

Tuesday 11th
April.

How much identity, to use my own private slang, is
needed to surmount a little hillock: for instance,
Lydia on Laffan's Lapwing yesterday at Tilton: a
Tilton complex: specific: all seem to make it harder for me
to get on with writing Rep. Reviews Rep at the rate of
2 weeks to a chapter will take me 3 months. Then
there's the war. The Great Easter pounder has this
purple background. We wait like obedient
children to hear what we shall be told when
Parliament meets on Thursday. At Tilton we
talked first medicine: Maynard's doctor cure by
Flesh; then politics: fine minds both for Times
play. Every day, take 2, something, turned up.
Private peace is not a cancer. Men Potens tomorrow.
Men Charleston. The L.P. here. Maynard, Even
Maynard, can't find much that's helpful now that
Wally has rejoined the Athenaeum. Jane that there's a
unity of hatred. He men women Children dogs
we are united for war if war come. But privately —
how one wickets between private & public — his eyes are
blue, his skin tanker, he can walk without
pain. Lydia has devoted herself to the treatment.
Month Nessa suffering Clive — wont have them out.
Never will have anything out. But the L. is always an
Leonard's joke — a leaf like spirit, natural in his
circumstances. My allegiance is to Nessa & Vanessa:
but I like all my friends. Maynard not the parts of
Tilton. Roasting hot: bird a chirp: butterflies.
I am reading Dickens: by way of a refresher.
How he lives: not wrote: both a virtue & a fault.
Like seeing something emerge: without containing
mind. Get the accuracy, even sometimes the

NYPL

April 11th

penetration — into Mrs Squeers & Mrs Price & the farmer
& Gamble — remarkable. I can't stop my critical
mind, even if I try to. When I'm reading Lévigné, professionally
for that quick amalgamation of work that I intend.
In future, I'm to write quick, intense, short books.
& never be tied down. Then in the way to
keep off the settling down & respectation of old age.
And to start all preconceived theories — For men —
more I doubt of enough is known to sketch even
probable lines. ah two emphatic & conventional.
Maurice, the last of the Le Dances brothers is dead: &
Magnant lives — lives two carefully shaped. I used to feel.
why drag on, always measuring & fearing one's talents being
strength & asking if Carpenter wants a cumulative year?
Also I'm reading Rochefoucauld. What the real pointing my
talents Bowyer books — that it makes me read — write a pen —
follower the scent: & read the good books: never the
shatter of MSS. & the studious & the young Chaucerians —
The word espreem callow take a shape &
Chattery — for sympathy — Chaucer I take at need.
So if I had any time — but perhaps next week work less
more to studies now — I should, after recruit
in the war — shake my way up & up into that
exacting layer so rarely lived in: where my
mind work so fast streams asleep: like the
aeroplane propeller. But I must stop
The last bright passage: — so be fast for
tomorrow & clear the desk decks for Cambridge.
Rather tired, disputative: cautious & moulded.

NYPL

Thursday April 13th Two days of influenza after that, mild but sticking me
head as usual, so I'm not here this morning only to
Drone my way through a few Roger letters.
I finished my first 40 pages – Chelsea and – week
under the week; but then they were largely
autobiography. New politics ushered - Chamberlain.
Parliament in the House today. War I suppose
not tomorrow, but nearer. Charlotte to tea
today. L. went to Brighton yesterday. He
had a long talk with Mrs Roberts instead, about
very interesting. I'm sorry I missed it. But
glad of solitude. Such as there here. We could
only entertain regularly for 10 days... I read about 100
pages of Dickens yesterday, & do something vague about
the drama & fiction: how the emphasis, the
Caricature & three immediate sense, perhaps
forming character, drawn from the stage.
Literature – theatre the shading, suggesting, only
Henry James, hardly used. Ah how coloured.
Rather monotonous. Yet so abundant, so
Creative: yes: but not highly creative: not
suggestive. Everything laid on the table. Nothing to
engender receptivity. Nothing to
rebel & attack. Nothing to make one
put the book down & think. But there are
marvellous passages. I'm so muddled I
shall take Sir Edward into the house &
extract him over the fire. Weather new
blackening a little, 4th day July summer
heat – over 70. A roma butterfly.
Jumping on the mat. Lis rash myopic.
Her love or macaroni.
Nota: Lydia: hostility to all married women.

NYPL

April
15 Saturday

Yr odd what extreme depression a little influenza — a cold in
head broadens. Happily I'm interested in depression; & make
myself play a game of assembling the scattered pieces —
I mean I light a fire, or somehow dandle myself over it.
Cooking is helpful. Yesterday I was very down, dismal
& there's always our dear old man — now portioned for a
month. Sneezing & blowing is better than incubating germs.
I've done rather well at Roger considering: I don't think
I shall take 2 weeks over each chapter. And
it rather annoying — dealing drastically with Thos
Jean Drydeny. I think I'll have it shaken: my
Combelling method was a good one. Perhaps it too
like a novel. I don't bother. No letters: no news:
& my head too shaked for reading. & I gallopeing
through her book. I should like a holiday — a few days in
Frana — or a run through the Cotswolds.
But considering how many things I have that I like —
what odd — (I'm always keeping like this) is the
Leverana that war seems to bring: Everything
becomes meaningless: cant plan: then there comes
too the community feeling: all England thanking the
same thing — this honor given — at the same moment.
How fellowship strong below. Then the little one
labours against private separation —
But I must order macarons from London.

April
Wed - 26th

I've done a 1/4 100 pages of Pepys - such I shall have by
tomorrow. It's there are 400 pages, a one hundred books
3 weeks (Oh last) was attempted) — which takes
9 weeks to finish. Yes, I ought to have finished it by
the end of July. early we may go away. Lay Stegart.
And how shall typed in September.... Well — then it
will be out this time next. Jan. And I shall be free in
August — What a friend she: a I suppose & letter
without regret to 9 & ten people. And I shall be
shared.

Friday
April. 28

Very much screwed in the brain by trying to set
Pepys' marriage Chaplin into shape: & also
warmed by L. rays last night that he
was fonder of me than I of him. A distance
into which moved mind the others death most.
He said he depended more upon our
Common life than I did. He saw the
very saddest thing I was so much needed.
His stage has seldom one feels this: yet
'life in common' is a immense reality.
For instance, I can't do the knocker to night
with Chal Smyth because: 1. I have a
bitter temperature: 2: (a more secret) I'd
rather they at home went a. He
we are fighting against this. It's one step
Lady. On such a dismal tea week
Mrs W. yesterday. He is completely

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hopeless - like an old weed on a rock And always
returning to the complaints. That was how, by the
way, we came to discuss our leaks. L. said
he hoped he would predecease me. He longs
old age is v intolerable. But to Lonsy, he
said, because she has adopted an unreal
attitude - lived in a fictional haze
because. Less hurt as he adored matriarch.
L forces the children to adopt his attitude.
Hence the unreality & all between. This
obsession shuts her off from
all other interests: doesn't care for any
impersonal thing - art, music, books.
has a companion & reader: must depend on
her sons. Constant enquiries. Therefore absent
the deadness of Herbert Hawks: interference. Does
L. resent her; hints that I have taken him
away from his family; alienated him in mere.
To sit in that crowded pink hot room for
for 2 hours trying to heat up subjects for
Conversation. And there were awful
silences - & one head jerked with travel; v
ab was heavy, weary. old. a hopeless - yet
She followed us out into the street &
made L. swear that he would
"Were I ten, now I look better?" as if
the dull clogs had to life, could be
removed. To walk in the hail, in
Ken - Sarah: see the cherry trees buried
& buried in the yellow to storm haze.
Very cold winter spring

MYPL

April 29th
Saturday.

But what are the interesting things? I'm thinking what I should like to read here in 10 years time. And I'm all at sea. Perhaps liberal facts. The annual, not the novel. Yesterday I went out in a fur coat, for it was bitter cold, to walk in London. I stopped by the Savoy Chapel: there were photographers around the car pleded on there were too many cars behind. Mother + small boy aboard: 2 girls in white boat hats. They helped the Bride with her veil. "Can you get it from my bouquet? No darker - very good: rather red: very thin. Husband + best man waiting in grey frocks a Cabman with old fellow in the sun watching. Camera men - A little procession - rather shrimpy & cold & not very rich I thought. The old man - my age - had shabby boots - Shaven, brushed, red, thin. Then are Mr. Erotto Douglas Bamer. Mrs Marjorie Berkeley, daughter & a dry Colonel - rich I learn later. Then I walked along the Embankment up into the fog towards Blackfriars - Men in white coats aparelled in oilskin for rain. A smell of tar. Found some Old City Company houses - One the Inn Keepers Company - Also a green plant hunting outrage fashion. Also some of the coal & the City mansions tucked away. To inst - Carman St. Bridges Paper work - Hollen Yeast - Red sun Cups & Bun manufacturers - Cutting in slop seen. Eugene reading it - even newspaper dollies, a great proof of interest. L to Kingsway - Bought some golden - Failed to buy a pencil to Cotswold - L. had 4 pints. & dinner In John Maynard menu - Read Chaucer - Lyzzes St. was warm, happy not to go to Sadlers Wells. Never rang up. Bed.

NYPL

May 16
Monday.

a bad money, because I'm did up about Roger. I'm
determined that I'll plod through & make a good job. not an
work & art That's the answer. To force myself on — &
just to obey such a few days doctrine: & then —
few days on the backwoods. But these sad
blanks, the sad characters drudgery & murder; &
I must go through with it. My hand, art &c,
must work.

Sunday
May 14th

That last sentence might be repeated. It's a fortnight I
see since I had my few minutes margin between
Roger & lunch. And then I need not repeat the fact
that my head is a tight wound knot of strong.
To unwind it. I lie on my Heal chair bed &
daze & am Queasy: But the noise women me.
The 2 houses next door are down: men are
third up. There are patches of weak paper
where there used to be hotel bedrooms. Then this
Southampton Row traffic sets at me: & long
for 37 Mecklenburgh Sq: but doubting if
we shall get it. Pitchard is negotiating
with the Bedford. A talk about the
future with John. He is harassed by the
loan Jean. Can't live in London as God meant
he mother interest is. 37 is a bad
Queen & oh for just home, where I could
sleep anywhere. But about ds to dwell on &
& there moved be the horror & the more it
Regent. Day Seven Came and day; Harvest

NYPL

Worried about the tol dong or lolling?

in on the make of Elizabeth. A Norfolk Squire man. truculent.
a letter like Muggins 40 yrs ago, or Uncle Jorie called
Malcolm Macnaghten. "Beastly lolling on the
beach" was dismissed. I made him laugh by
repeating that word. I wish I could repeat more
words. Borwick died at. Could I turn B. at my age!
"I'm doing Selina in the San people... I love a purely
Country life & Martha has only home - Devonshire."
I enjoy some pasture with the Bugge Boys.
Borwick at Devonshire. Given walking tight shoes
Bluebell wood, Walking the youth - a letter to
Justice Darley. And then adventures to Scott Skys.
had done welfare work. Her daughter Jilly met a
Prostitute outside the Berkeley whom she has
delivered. Must just speak to Benny "the rags &
the youth why"; Heatherley - "It's her heat".
a letter shocked. And I liked the sort.
Cream & yellow flowers on the dressy gown & the kind
Unspoilt like a heroine. And the thread of
bright blue beads: & Vibration beauties.
We are going to Bettany & the way she
chatters. A whole 2 weeks rambling:
How that'll help my boy & Austen's head.
But this is nothing like so bad as the glare.
A man wants to invite me to stage as
making a outsider in Hyde Park. I stop to
answer her Gentle daughter.

NYPL

23th May.

A green bible note to run off in a hurry: L. is
preparing for 37 St Sq upstairs: I'm packing. Write th:
L very likely I shant write much more in this now
to today studies. Indeed for Ben to work in:
I must pack upstairs. Brittany & Rodmell for 3 weeks.
Packing last night. G-keepers: Ch W & her understood
Fluent. Ben Nicolson. Interrupted by partners
Come to the house. The first day of the gale-
hard shake we had ever lucky in that
Great peaceful garden; entire sun & hope w.

23rd June.

Back to London again after 4 weeks. Two short
Jewry about Brittany. I kept notes in a little
Square ruled pocket book in my bag; a good
method perhaps, if carried out in London; but I
doubt it's worth sticking them here. Perhaps a
few. for like pressed leaves they somehow bring
back the whole forgotten ridge. We forget
forgotten en bulk. The London uproar at once
makes us. Okampo today: John; then I must go
to Penman. We have 37 St S: & this is still
unlet. Ben Nicolson has spread my Studies
with MSS. ash leaf on the floor. The Waverly
helping my attack on R. began the money. The
actually difficult DP chapter. How to
get the right proportions &c. Have now 5
weeks before August. And 200 pages to do.
Actually work Gollancz about L; book not yet
started. And people abroad. But I must
dump Joh like a hawser & let roughly rip &
Clothes &c. Hogarth lunch.

NYPL

25th May.

A green little note to warn off in a hurry: L. is
harassing for 37 St Sq upstairs: I'm packing. Write th:
L very likely I shant write much more in this mood
to Italy studies. Indeed for Ben to work in:
I must pack upstairs. Bultang & Rodwell for 3 weeks.
Packing last night. G-keepers: Eh W^m & her understood
friend. Ben hectors. Interrupted by partners
come to see the house. The Sunday at the Gal-
lant Shah we find our lives lucky in that
great peaceful garden: in the sun. I hope w.

25th June.

Back to London again after 4 weeks. Two short
Journey about Bultang. I kept notes in a little
Square ruled pocket book in my bag; a good
method perhaps, if carried out in London; but I
doubt if it's worth sticking them here. Perhaps a
few. for like pressed leaves they somehow bring
back the whole forgotten bridge. To work
forgotten in bulk. The London uproar at once
makes me Okampo letter: John; then I must go
to Penman. We have 37 St S. & this is still
unlet. Ben Nicolson has spread my studies
with Mss. all over the floor. The Morely
helps my attack on R. began the morning. The
appallingly difficult VI P chapter. How to
get the right proportions &c. Have now 5
weeks before August. And 200 pages to do.
Old Miller-wife Gollancz about it; book not yet
started. And people abroad. But I must
dump Joh like a heavy & fiercely rip a
clothes &c. Hores' lunch.

NYPL

June.
24th Saturday.

Geo. London broke in family reverently yesterday. Okamps
bringing Gerrets Friend & all her apparatus, which was
strewn in the drawing room, & all the Lt. Jets & Ladies
thrown on a chair. In top of them house dears — an old
Lady who was born at 92, & he whose father had
built their Studio. And the upholsterer, a retiring — oh
come this petty vulgar photography-adventure thing — at
3. No getting out of it, with Okamps in the room..
Fenwick there in the flesh — so my afternoon is gone in
the way to me most detestable & upsetting quite.
A life sized life coloured animated photograph — horrible
& I am drawn in. Also, on top of this, Mrs T
Evarson & daughter from Gotlancz; &
John; & Nina about Angelica. She is in a nursing home
with an infected thing. Ah the old anxieties
rampant — for Nina again. And Dr Mac.
Then afternoon Ana Tom & friend — & Easton.
Perhaps there's Stan in it; & Brimelow: but I'm
bothered about the P/Ps — Can't get into the
right mood; & it's so laboured, & I can't, without
more, toss off & lighten it: get most somehow
done then to the end.
Now to prepare for photography. Such are our
friends — & their dilemmas

2 7 1

NYPL

June 25th

Talk at Nina's last night. much about Gertler's suicide. He fancied himself 2 nights ago in his studio. We had talked with him about his other attempt the night he dined with us. Nevison became ill some hitch in his work he said then, & he had completely recovered. He had got Hugh into a new shape as a painter. Then was true, stern & determined. His last show, just over, was a great advance, very remarkable. Why did he turn on the gas, when his model left him? The found him, when Carrington, Nik & others, but unconscious. A most resolute serious man: intellectual; fanatical about painting. Even if a fanatical egotist. And he seemed established; with his own friends; doing one work Recently & loved. Poor Gertler. & his wife, two lovely children, two houses & motors, like Kot with his uncompromising sincerity. to be content & happy. But with his intellect & interest, why did the personal life become too Painful? His wife? We know no more. Asylum talk: no time to disentangle our lunch with Flora, & her ~~de~~ analysis, so clear & confusing. The old tyrant: the material married —

June 26th

talking Gertler at Clives. All Long rather deflated (on Hugh, not Lady). Frothy talk, decadent 2½ hours interview with Philip & his model milky eyed little boy who wants to be a sailor. But doesn't want it very much. No, they don't want either. read Phil, who doesn't want to go to Bunbury, about which he consulted us. Ghost — Today. So the days are rushed through. Monday Gosh Solitary persecuting.

MYPL

Wednesday,
28th Jan.

Vita came to a late lunch: Mrs Woolf left down-
stairs 2 to 2hrs: Tom brought Mrs Morley to tea...
There are the elements upon which yesterday was
founded- Hugo with Vita- Home- Change- Talk.
Telephone &- to the nursery where she denies
the whole incident, & I assume. There is a terrible
passive resistance to death in these old women.
They have the immortality of vampires.
Poor Flora will be sucked drop by drop for years
to come- This is I suppose a cruel remark to make.
But honestly, Eugene would be relieved if she
could make an end of it. It is so exhausting, as
Flora said. She has continued to fabricate all
Christmas. Still the kind is the only thing the
family who are forced to be so devoted
to her fantasy honestly wish for. And
now John to lunch. Why the- can't I escape to
buy some shoes, & ought I to buy them with
the flat still to let? The said I'll
make an article on Royalty for P.P. & £25
by way of a drop to our income & our
liabilities:

Sunday
29th Jan.

The ground is dry. Rex & RP make my head
ache. I shall feel steely up for 10 minutes
hence. I wonder why: & if I shall ever read this again:
Perhaps I'll go on with my memoirs, also a relief from
R., I shall make one of it. ~~##~~ A dismal
day yesterday: three hours in that Hall of
humbug, Fortnum. A lark: but only of the
unspeakable. And the atmosphere. Bullock after
Clarke: all fight & red noses: mostly a figure of
fun— whisper my ears: I forget: but records myself
walking in the rain through the Parks- Come home &

by to encentrate a Parent- I can't: that is the only way
of turning up. Still a Calm if not understanding.
There are points of Theology need a grasp beyond me.
Still I see Lyttons point— my dear old Serpent. Whether
Dream life or to be sure— that he should be dead,
& I reading him: & beginning to make out that we
intended another on the word: whereas Nonetheless
feel it been an illusion— some so fast. Time so
quickly:, nothing to show for it, save these little
books. But that makes me dig my feet in, &
squeeze the moments. To the Inn I walked to
the Clinic with L: waited outside with Sally
Jaggers: watched the Evening light: oh & the
purple grey Clouds above Regent Park with the
Violet. Yellow Sky lights made me leap with
pleasure. Nurse love my feet. Even if you love
one foot, no doubt it would do it— 37 with the
heavy feet. The letter was with
Gallancz Continues — more time filtered,
wasted. L very calm: & how dare, compared
with me.

MTPL

Monday
July 3rd

L's mother died last night. And it been fading & somehow very slippery - watching her die. She gradually ceased to breathe. There were 3 days though of going there - sitting in the long corridor. Flora sat with her. Sometimes she talked & found her cheerful one night. Virginia must write a book called "The fallen woman". I remember that, on my a letter of Ada's, I said, because it was the last time she spoke quite. It was like watching an animal die, & dumb. Rau burst into tears. He wanted to live, asked the matron of the bed known as old woman 11 could, asked Rau - Both alone said Yes. Last night, as Flora. Edgar & Harold were downstairs & old Charles. Herbert rang up to say it was critical; & she had just died when they got there. Her breathing, as Rau said afterwards, stopped: And then they decided that her body is to be taken to a private home, not left in the mortuary, must be fetched: To the body is taken to Golders to day: then each go to the Jewish Cemetery. A watcher came from the Synagogue.

We walked in Regents Park, after giving Kingsley Martin lunch. It was a bright, showery day. weather in which people die: as the road turned rather yet never windy. Then, when L had come back, we went round to Clive: found Nena interviewing Lottie; & talked about Easton & then dear old Vera Clive & Duncan. But I cannot show my Royalty article. I have a regret for that spirited old lady, whom it was such a pain to visit. Still she was somebody:

MYPL

Thursday
July 6 th

Nessy in the high backed chair with the pink cushion,
ash the flowers round her, a cigar always for
Leonard, a plate of cake which she pressed us to eat
last time — Saturday week — the sea peevish —
Greenlawn. It was about not seeing Herbert as
usual. Children no longer respected their parents.
And the groups & felt back. But these feelings
are mixed. Scrubby, & Can I'm in the kerched
state when working, about work.

"Lady" to call her by the name she liked to explain — She
always talked about the past best — was buried
yesterday; & there was a service in the Synagogue.
Women admitted, no ment. But it's a
Compromise; & had nothing whatever to do with
"Lady" What was she like then? Let me see —
She was small, narrow shouldered — Thys stepped off — She
wore a low blouse with a pearl necklace —
rather heavy. Her head nodded. She had still
curled grey black hair. She would say
Came in "And Virginia?" My joke was,
Conceal your disappointment at sight of me.
Then she would laugh. Kiss me, give me a
little pat. We were on friendly laughing terms, always
at the same stock joke, which caused us high
how I how tear. "And tell me what you
have been doing? I would have some story
ready. She liked hearing about Ann Judith:
not much interested in any other relations, even
For many years we never reached Even their
intimacy. When the
new henry family. She came over to see us
a course. And how glad we drove to Hawthorn!
Nessy trumped up mostly. Yet there was
Something spontaneous about her. A great
joy in family: in society: She could make

MYPL

friends as they are: was very partial to elderly gentlemen.
One at Worthing loved her flannels. took her to the
theatre She liked telling the story of play.
She would tell the whole story: one with the mind
for example: talking as if they were real: a trait
odd to me in so shrewd a woman: for she had
as she was often boasting, brought up 9 children.
never went to bed, she said without having
words by her side. Ah was personal. And
the visit of some became duper. one knew what would
come next sometimes tho' she made me feel
the daughter emotion — when I heard her when Clara
died She attached to nothing in my own life: except
the comment she made: that she was the
'elder generation': a ? (was the elder, to most people)
was the younger I never saw her alone in her own
surroundings There were fancy 9s, but fuller 9
flair: always present 9 flowers: Children letters:
What news 9 Bella & Tom! Where Phil
going for his holiday? She was the centre of that
net work & until Edye & Flora disturbed me,
I thought they depended on it Perhaps, when the
freedom is over. they will miss it "Bel" the day 9
whose retirement in March — poor old lady —
was the day I count the days to it..." W
The said last Saturday week — Bel called a
Lilly afternoon wh. makes their Watson look
artificial She took me, age had taken
even the away that was real. What: only age
left the pathetic animal, which was very
real; the body that wanted to live.
I know nothing 9 any interest about her, now then
I come to write. only little anecdote about
Holland: nothing that makes her a real person —
Love Is Virginia Woolf? which touches me.

NYPL

11th July

Interrupted by a man to look over the Studies. Would take the place at once, if he could have it for 6 years. That the end of all these visits. Back from Mt. A. across - to see the nurses ward. Cross at very many times over R/Rs. Doubtful about the book - Argyle & the women Duchess. Still I must get on. O for the week end - oh that we could ever be wholly alone: - yet I dont want to be wholly alone. The usual fight between solitude & society. Scarcely work nothing, but alone dissecting. Very fine July weather. And is Charles blind? And am I to buy a new dress? And what about - I think the true proportions are better in the country. Over all hangs war & cream. A kind of perfect but anonymous friction. Wanting the Poles vibrating in my room. Everything uncertain: we have got into the habit however. Work, work, I tell myself.

Wed.
12th July

For the first time, after being so damnably down in the mouth yesterday, I've wanted with some pleasure at R. The new Omega chapter. I must get it through. Get him to speak me were - Wanting all to see. After dinner L. asking me what I wanted to see. I not wanting to see anything - the Crowds as deformed & strutted & noisy. Sweating & ugly hot bizarre & senseless in the Tob-O Road - the sticky heat - ah this brooded. till I was saying 'Step on, on, on, in my usual desperate way. Then we met to Nessa. A. in her Clive Bell: Duncan bubbly. Vast Phelps, talk about Ls Latin Epitaph & we had a good laugh. Jowett. P. has advanced Duncan portrait

ATPL

Monday 13th

Heard a fine one - Wants a jolly fair instead of the black
tramp. Mr Jenkin had been wired to Pop at
midnight with her fiancé P. looked out of the
window & refused it. Then in the old Ry
manner. P. in her nightcap. vagrant & repulsive.
Denied ~~paste~~ pobbling her mouth. Couldn't
remember Lady Jane Grey - who has been
arrested - no threatened Bartholomew about
a book by a clergyman bought in Berwick
Church - V. very silent. worried Mutton: yet
cheerful bis. She will laugh stake part. queen of
the dinks again. Queen horror & deep sea eyes
lovely. Perhaps I'll affiche. Julian in the background.
Oh dear - why wants all that? But a fervent
dummy enemy that rolled off my gloom
effectively: perhaps do. It not a nice
Xmas in London. 20 37 this afternoon.
Now my mind is running on R. a good sign.
* at p. 230. so that's more than half.

A bad morning all fidgeting again. Because I woke worried -
about what? Is gloom: not letting this: I don't know
what: a letup & read Macbeth & wanted the
machine running. And we are numb headed. What a
head to work with - never again a long book.
And no walk - 2 hours at MS. planning,
clutter upon kitchen &c. The practical
difficulty appals - all our books carpets
furniture & I gloom. Then it all dumped on
gloom though. A gleam thought struck me:
wh. other women shall I die in? to which
is joined he the same gloom - oh no, I want
work and the tragedy that has to be acted there-
A free man thinks of nothing &c: So I read
Pascal & Pater, wrote letters & worked dinner &
did my embroidery. But constant
sleep around.

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July 25th

On this page I should sum up reflections on leaving 52 Tavistock Square. But—
~~Not~~ interruption. This must wait till M.H.

July 25th.

The use of the book is to work things out. Here:
the Greenbow. I'm so unhappy. A post-mortem mood.
Anaphor: headache: guilt: remorse... the home, Li
home,.. oh dear her hobby - her ~~heart~~ head tra-
ger devastn! I mind so much. Oh dear - the
to be pulled down because of me. How can
complex - the inflamn: v: L's work. And
is it worth this misery? - oughtn't I to have said
forahead, when he came to me with Rah
the money? The men had come - that they sent it
up? I said I'm most sorry. - & he sent
them away - not to be pulled down.
How to live it over? Forget things: but I shant...
I can't read a word - .

I have composed myself, momentarily, by reading
through this - dear dears. That's a use for it then!
It composes - why? I think those are a sketch,
when ass - grubbing in an inch. Head relieved
as now by reading & but that I can read here
without repulsion. Why? My own mind
I suppose clamps me when other steps
I forget that we came down; & it's been fine, rather:
lovely on the marsh. Hay cutting. Figures showed on
the marsh. Old Bob thanks me for my letter.
Much hurt by Stephen's review of Life from
Dark Interlopers - deadly dull at Quebec.
Reading Gods dearer, recommended by Vere
Beach-marsh Eddies: An interesting knotted
bark - It's funny that diaries now pathetic -
No one can write a work of art - Comment only

July

What explains but scarcely excuses Felix Lucas: chief
Echelon of Rudens Who are you people heads by
what they want? Who - people Venus whose naked
Venus? Eddie shows his death mask - dear, I forget
my shoulder at Helen's ear - the degenerate: nor can
deserve my mix up of the debt, the dislike of Jovi
Great fleshy mouth. (I'm thereby to keep up my
Vivvy - shes my strained grey day - the
Greenhouse money. I must now carry off
lunch. What annoys me is his
adoration in fathers the fault on me. His
helpfulness. I see the temptation. "Or you
don't want it - or I submit." Then Jo
Woolf bowls last night - we third them at the
Jack. Yet so happy in our unbelief.
"Do you ever think me beautiful now?"
The most beautiful of women" —

July 30th

The great affair the Gt. has been retold;
amicably: a cold house at the back. So it
over: what a waste of emotion. Is it true?
lack will? Fr new hens bothers me
about manhood - Human voices make us
Love known. never been so free & happy;
but human voices do wake one. Its fine;
2 over days worried with what to enjoy.
such an expansion of the London
pressure. I take my tram out, & felt it
with books, as a home with walls. Mrs
Robins - Kilbert - side - can't read a word in
London. Taking a day or two with Rff. to
rest myself from Roger. And have them all a
speech to Flaminia. whether shes book with
Even Compton, wants them at 3 months -
intervals, I do not. But I'm all in favour
of the wild, the experimental.

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July 30th

Human voices wake us & we drown – Quotation on
hearing the telephone suddenly asking into Charlestown
Bonnie there. – Stylistic morals; Conversation however
well realm up – Duncan 400 Cawnpore; new
Verdicts – His bedroom on the Jaden; R.S. Protests
Shed. Talk about Rumours of war. Bury
described his ague, as malaria: fever high as Moody:
sub-normal on Wednesday when papers gone to
Press. L. Cases with anecdotes. H. gives an
account of McDougalls method of killing
pictures. How he wheeled the Schiff.
Next Memon meeting discussed. To home.
very cold & cloudy. Set the down a flow
with Corn much to my liking. Today
Chapse Chopped off the pink & bush &
removed the Greenhouse shed. Really a load
off my eye – Green what a relief – The
shape & the walk & the pink top
Jack mama again. Has my eye feels rested.
now for the manlelpiece question. Then lunch.
My poor old head very feeble – Who' why?
Ryer at on R.H. Age or it? or Ryer?
~~Tuesday~~ This afternoon, & so tired merely asleep.

I am trying to keep myself into business shatter
pen holder or a Cigarette. To for the taken in
This by way of a Solution of the old age
problem, & improving my bowels.
London Democracy Katharine Fane to battle . . .
Certainly no Cigarettes clean the brain –
Certainly the tongues. Must obey out
Ryer on J.A.S. On these old bits of bones . . .
Began R. again on Friday Impression

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August 7th

I am now going to make the rash & bold experiment of breaking off, from considering Virgil, & to write here for 10 minutes instead of revising, as I ought, my morning's work.

Oh yes. I thought several things to write about. Not exactly diary. Reflections. What the fashionable dodge. Felix Lucas & Gide both at it. Neither can rebel to creature are (I think. Jane Rayer. I could). It's the comment — the daily Instagebron — that comes handy in times like these. I too feel it. But what was I thinking?

I have been thinking about Censors. How necessary, legions admonish us. That clear in our Mind I'm reading. If I was this Lo — to write Thinks me sentimental. If that ... with Thackeray. All books now seem to me surrounded by a circle of invisible Censors. Hems them. Are at the moment. I doubt it. Read Ruth before breakfast. It's still new. It's uncensored. It's Each & distraction. It's concentration & the resulting "beauty" strikes me. As if the mind must be allowed to settle undisturbed over the object in order to secrete the pearl.

What an idea for an article.

The legislative Esperem is that all the surrounding & the mind have come much closer. A child cries & the field begs poverty: my Comfort: & mind. Light) to & to the village sports? Except then breaks into my

August

Contemplation

Oh what I thought as I was dressing, how interesting it would be to describe the approach of age, the gradual coming of death. as people describe love. To note every new symptom of failure: by what failure? to treat age as an experience that is different from the others: to distinguish every one of the gradual steps toward death which is a tremendous experience, & yet an unconscious at least in its approach, as birth is.

I must now return to my friend. I think rather reproached.

Came at C.h Judge, with an enormous whale gone which he pulled & prodded from time to time. A little later about ten.

I needn't say I've been pulled off right & left in town. Desiring sympathy, devilan deed, & admiration like the heroine in order by the others. Rather an elderly tea party. Gawey.

Aug 9th

My friend has left me dazed & so depressed. How on earth to bring on the chapter? God knows. Percy face notice yesterday. Something about leaving likes make Ched did the trick. you don't like what I do — he... I do whether I'm a net, God knows, & we don't much care. There they always blow up once every other year. To Mrs Robins today & yearly Stroudley August in weather. I'm heartily glad my head before lunch.

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24th Aug.

Perhaps it's more interesting to describe 'the Crisis' that R's love affairs. For we are in the very thick of it. Are we at war? At one) 'm going to listen in. It's very different, emphatically from last September. In London yesterday there was indifference almost. No crowd in the train — we walked train. No stir in the city. One of the rumours called up. No fate, as the foreman said. What can you do against fate? Complete chaos at 37 Gay met us Stavanger. At war, of course but the rain. who said week) don't know what to think. But as a dress rehearsal it's complete. Museums shut. Search light on Redmill Hill. Ch[urch] tops danger monument. The Russian pact a disappointment, a cautious truce. Rather like it. Lord of things we are. No ultimatum. Patient bewilderment. I venture some decree it to get on with it." Cider double rations, some coal. Aunt Violet in retreat at Charlbury. Unreal. Whiffs of despair. Difficult to work. Office of Trees from Chamber for a story. Hope over the mark - Aeroplanes. One touch on this Scottish, we shall be at war. Danzig not yet taken. Clerks cheerful. I add one to the straw to another, want to go in, Palmer went working. There's no Cause now to fight for Lord Stane. Commonwealth battled. Railway strike off. Ld Halifax broadcasts anti-country gentleman, voice. Lovat-Fraser with clothes be clean? If every underneath plume wells of persimmon. men town to tub: mothers like stern 2 years ago. But again, some swerve to the right may come at any moment. The common folly of Cover the pennants, then wades. Desolation a distraction And all mixed with the men at 37.

Monday
Aug 28th

I stay on there, asks Rowls, to say what? on this
horribly last night of this
[illegible] with the 9 o'clock
[illegible] end at all? — on this, oh yes —
everything for the next 50 years? Yesterday I wasn't
[illegible] about this last day. I worked on the
Down: lay under a constant — looked at the empty
land & the pinkish clouds in a pale blue
summer autumn sky. Not a round. Workmen
[illegible] were on the road — one for it, one
against. So to Rowls. I bowling am happy: I
outside the garden what? Nunk Think.
Vita says the fuel ferrer a horror early — Irene
then [illegible]. For us it's like boy in a snake
[illegible] Rand. Not the eyes has any physical fear.
Why should we? But there's a vast calm cold
gloom. And the Brain. Like waiting a doctors
verdict. And the young — young men marked up —
But the [illegible] one is too numbed to think.
London seemed cheery. Most people are sent a
have a [illegible] of [illegible] men. Hugh Slater yesterday.
In an instant that there won't be war. Old
Clive [illegible] on the terrace, says, "I don't want to
see them go." Explains that his life is ended.
Has had the best. We privately are so content.
Bless day after day. So happy [illegible] dinner,
reading, playing bowls. No feeling of patriotism.
Have to go on, that's all? — That's the question.
Anyhow I have my old dress & my old flannels.
No I can't get at it — so what's the use? Then
[illegible] out? One wanders in: dines:
[illegible] tomorrow. Yes, it's a lovely still summer evening;
[illegible] I talked to the girl who keeps elk hound on the
[illegible] left. By the ivy bloom [illegible]. Many flies buzz.
[illegible] in bleaches in the heat. No word from Vita
who was coming. How difficult, [illegible] to write.

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30th Aug.

Not at war yet. Parl met yesterday. Negotiations
we are told. A pause. L. & I dreamy the
Broadcast ups & downs. Very black then L. &
L. remember more than I am this morning.
Her thesis that H. is making up his mind to
spring. Raging voice began again last night in
German. The Last Lean mad voice heard again,
on the wireless taking him up. At the same time,
a reply of 8 pages has been sent last night by
the Cabinet. The French are outraged at this time.
I'm dull headed. Wrenchy my mind set to
hypothesise the last chapter. Well, it's a good thing one
distracts. Also wrote a dyspepsia & a story
for Chatto. Both they really order 3, and
words on that plummy rhetoric to £20?
Seem impossible. Nobody keeps by agreements now
answer letter. A kind of black & darkness.
No furniture unpacked. We go up tomorrow.
Brilliant - yes, the light is very evanescent -
Thinny - weather. Very hot. In Lewes
about three pm. Ah the tradespeople
are well-dressed. Queues of
buying bicycles. Lots of bicycles. But why?
Oh I'm sure there'd be a war!
Now I must listen to the one o'clock.
Red faced boys in khaki guarding Brunswick
Hall. The Lolden in the village. Otherwise
just a usual one!..

1st Sept. Friday.

War is on for this morning. Hitler has taken Danzig: has attacked - is in already Poland. Our Pt meets at 6 tonight. The ofts a day intervened & I am hopeful. Last night we heard Henderson was to fly to Berlin & there was hope - Now at 7 I go on to listen to reply to the declaration of war. (I don't know why I write this. or what I feel. or that I feel. Children may come at 2. have lived marked & I by to come. All is hovering over us. And in Sloane square & St John at Wembledon & here & there & everywhere. 5 to 1.

Sunday 3rd Sept.

This is I suppose certainly the last hour of peace. The time limit is out at 11. Then broadcast at 11.15. L. & I "stood by" 10 minutes ago. Why repeat what'll be in all the papers? We argue. L. said Greenwood was right - for the RAF in the House last night. I argued it "they" or must who do this? Is it not man outside. If we win, — then what? L. said it hellish to win; because the German, vanquished, are what they are. Then in last try, a try on. All the formation are now a mere curtain for gangsterism. So my chopped words. I suppose the bombs are falling on rooms like this in Warsaw. A fine long many hours; after this. Isabel came to my report last night - Atmosphere strung & prickly. Must not mind yes L. Will Chedem just come. Now - Anglia over as I took up the book yesterday. 14 in hours.

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3 Children dumbed. Maynard has given G. a job as
tracker driver - Then is a relief. No one knows
how we're to fight. Rumours beginning. A flurry of
people shopping in Lewes yesterday. The flight of cars
with beds facing back. Shops rather empty.
People hoping stuff for winter. Letter for days
If we have a chance they'll pay us up. Flint
crows. May & them be that — as if daily unhappily
pay resentful. No excitement inside. N.
said train very empty. Autumn utter quiet with
more interest than reflection — the only reflection
is that this is both a startling & unchanged world —
The reality of ready ray Tawney; worthy —
re-working one sentence of Rep. for the Exposure
proves the reality of the mind. Two hours
every Cunham. An analysis pleasant to do
sometimes: but we stupid & misspid. One, two
fried, emotionally, to read a page. I tried
Tawney last night. Can't concentrate. Check
hell ringing. Was Ebbe carrying a sheaf of
gladiola. Where from? Beachy Bottom.
They hardly even come to Church, but now & then
send lovely flowers for the Church. Question:
if we had a Church? The relief of having some
common outside interest & belief. If it
were a belief... Q. Ate to eat John Glover.
It's the uncertainty of power that muddles every thing:
It's now about 10.33. Not to attend mine is an
affectation. Nice to be entirely genuine & obscure.
Then if some I shall have to work to make money.
What a comfort. Work architecture in America.
Instead take on some working for some
society. Keep the flesh going. If some no
beds or heat on at 37. So far plenty of petrol.
Legar rationed. So I shall now go in. Nothing
in the garden or meadow that strikes me outside the way —
& certainly I can't walk.

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Wednesday,
5th Sept.

Our first air raid warning at £.30 this morning. A
warbling that gradually crescendos into) I
lay in bed. We dressed & walked on the terrace with L.
Sky clear. all colleges shut. Breakfast. Sky clear.
During the interval a raid on Southwark. No alarm.
The Hepworths came on Monday. Rather like a
sea voyage. Forced conversation. Boredom. All
meaning has been extracted from existence. Merely words
reading headers. The R.A.F. fairies say news the day
before. Emptiness. inefficiency. I may as well
record these things. My plan is to force my brain
to work on Roger. But Lord this is the worst of all
my life's experiences. I note that fear is the dullest
of experiences. It means feeling only bodily feelings:
one gets cold & torpid. Endless interruptions
We have done the curtains. We have carried
coals &c. into the cottage for the 6 Battersea
women & children. The expectant mothers are all
worried now. Am I a coward? Physically)
(what I am. I want to London to mourn) & what
frightens me. At a pinch one's adrenalin is
secreted to keep one calm. But my brain stops.
I look up my watch this morning & then put it
down. Lord that kind of thing annoys me.
No doubt one can conquer this. But my
mind seems to curl up & become undriven.
We were then we had a little raid & I did
work like Faraway. an hysteria of the muscles.
The Hepworths are travelling back in Brighton.
Shall I walk? Yes. It's the fear & this that
rebels a non-combatants. Yes war has
begun in Cold blood. One merely feels that
the killing machine has to be set in action:

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So far, the Athena has been sunk. It seems extremely meaningless — a preposterous slaughter. Like taking a jar in one hand, a hammer in the other — why must this be smashed? Nobody knows. This feeling is different from any before. And all the blood has been shouting Common Life. No movies, theatres allowed. No letters, except strays from America. "Reveries" rejected by Atlantic. No friends with us very up. Yes, a long sea voyage, with strangers making conversation, a lot of small bothers arrangements seem the closest I can get. By some ah creative power is cut off. Perfect summer weather.

It's like an invalid who can look up & take a cup of tea — suddenly one can take to the pen with relief. Reading a walk in the heat, clearing the fog — letting the blood working. This book work seems to accumulate notes, the point of which sharpens. And for the 100th time I repeat — any idea is more real than any amount of war money. And what's one's made for. And the only contribution one can make — this little matter of ideas is my whiff of shot in the cause of freedom — do I feel myself. Thus bolstering up a figment — a phantom: reverence that sense of something pressing from within which consolidates the mist, the non-existent. I see Reeves corrected also his idea of humility in Begun his article. Helping to receive up green ne... Thus brought before himself P. the actor, the helper in the cause of common life — no doubtless relearning his rich idea. But I don't like P's figment, necessary as it may be. I confessed the idea, working in the sea baked marsh where I saw one clouded yellow, & making an article out of those 15 odd pages. Then work be an easy slope of work: nearer the steep ground of Roger. But shall I ever have a few hours to read? I must. Longest The Raid has deterred from a raid on Southwold: on Portsmouth: on Scarborough, to an attempt on the E. Coast without damage. Tomorrow we go up

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Monday
Sept 11th

I have just read 3 or 4 Characters of Theophrastus,
stumbling from Greek to English. I may as well make a
note of it. Trying to anchor my mind on Greek. Rather
incarnal. Its unreal, how Greek sticks, darts, eels in & out!
No Latin would have suited that a bear remembers his bears
in the middle of the night. The Greek has his eye on the object.
But it a long distance one has to roll away to get at
Theophrastus & Plato. But worth the effort. Mrs.
Nicholls a great frost. A painted metallic Xmith
nagging woman; under a mind that pecks the same
rotten apple again — thursday that tide. Her daughter: a
her future: a Leggo the Dalmahan: fault of her
shoddy contacts; her cocktails: shall I buy a
housewarming tweed or trousers? At last, at 8 am,
the letters: but depend, for me dreary like Corinth to
turn out false. Of course the usual Sunday tea: Charlotte
one. Much grumbling from Clive at them in mater.
Nena who is making a chicken house is philosophic.
But the compliments flaunt a Brereton — To
London on Monday. Perfect fine weather. Over London a
light boiled veil — the balloons. Very coyly Brett a
Corsican stained silence. At the Rees, Mrs P. listening
for Lorenis. So I listened. Sat in the sunny window.
Canes ash empty but piled up. Mabel & I laid
Carpets. Sandwiches with John. Stephen Came in.
His great joints seemed to crack. Eyes stared. Is
writing weary about himself. Can write to poetry.
London again turned a mediaeval city of darkness &
Courtesans. Mrs Connolly has a face as the
Had just been robbed & knocked over the head.
Darkness May say in the work yet. The car raced
had been very tiring — at 2.30. John had
drunk a glass Vivaldi (at in the cellar
No one can control them selves. So I was glad to be
on the road home. no raids yet. Poland being
Conquered. & then — we shall be attended to.
I've offered to work for Mf. I dont know if
he's sorely: but it's best to have a job. I dont think
I can stand about with comfort at the moment. 20
mg. nerves are haywire. Intolerable tedium. — no
Paper: no letters: & ah the made up talk with
Coolers now.

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23d Sept.

Meanwhile Poland has been gobbled up. Russia & Germany divide it. Even an exact census has been taken. But there have been no raids. And I – having said repeatedly that I would wait for the N.S. by way of using my faculties patriotically – have written 2 [illegible] & send up every morning to the magazine. Also people have been staying here – Oh such a fretful & agitated weekend with Mrs. Nicholls, the Miss Perkins, Mrs Woodward – both very jarred daughters: public house life & green grocers so distracted I've scudded over the downs all the day. And now Stephen is in us alone; & so we shall be up door & double headed. Then there's John a Monday. Cleverness has strength. The Americans are waiting. There's no petrol today: so we are back again with our bicycles at Asheham 1915. And one more £. & I calculate our income. Can I give A. his allowance? How much must we both earn? One more we are journalists. I've offered to do an article, required by the Times: on exiles & the crisis; offered others. My old eye of independence is then in danger. But in fact it's hard to keep about a dozen books. There's pressure about an article – Even White & Bewick – that sleeper are absorbed. But how sick of 1500 words by Wednesday I shall get!

Then one begins stenting paper. Megan. butter, sugar, bacon, hoards of matches. The Elm tree that fell has been cut up. Then we'll see us through 2 winters. They say the war won't last 3 years. We had an SOS from Kingsley. He came for the night. What was it he did? day or the telephone? Nothing. Should he come out in favour or peace? Chi is has the terms in his pocket. All in the know say we are beaten. Troops guard the East end. A bomb

& he meant to bomb the docks - wch had to revolutionize
Ita was happy - but chuckling, gleeful & low, like a
delirious bird. always seeing humly, & pleased
to see humly a martyr - Nothing of the least
importance in said though in his article. a
Low-rationalist - his mind rolled with hot
Cotswold talk - all pitted & rotten as a hot dry cloth -
steaming, unwholesome, unreal - Yet I rather liked
him - a Celt. I forget who else has been.
Irma painting L: drove to Newhaven yesterday to
buy stamps & fares for P. & we saw his
2 horses that painted green & white in the
hawthorn. Man James ag bored. No reading.
No Mrs Woolf's - only article reading. But this
must be stopped, as I'm now up to time with my
little Shakespeare: & thank God old
Mabel who is like one of the clammy Ketrakis
flies, gone back on Tuesday. London no
worse, the days shan't agg[illegible] more.
Afternoon) Encouraged.

24th Sept. Stephen Hawthey Harry - no, reading Proust in English in
the drawing room - Wants to throw it upon Gilbert White out
here - add how the clatter, sportsclubber. Exaggerating
Exaggerating young disturbs my atmosphere - Yet I
shall get back - I've talked more since last night,
in fact ag Stephen Colet. A bore he is, I
find - misty, clouded, suffusive. Nothing has
outline. Very sensitive, remembers, recaptures &
strides - do we? we rambled over Islip:
Can the forgive Lady. She has taken his money.
Can she still be generous, a large minded?
over religion, at breakfast: over Justin: &
make the terrace, we played & strummed &
bothered - from Lady[illegible], women & working
& anonymity & - I forget. At last)

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send I must write – tho' my letter would was clouded & troubled by all this talk – & he must wait: & so ordered boiled potatoes for his lunch & sat in semi-retreat out here. re-typing without much correction. Ghv- for the N.S. My own slowness & unhappiness is an awful bore – I can catch so many rumours & reverberate so instantaneously. Read is dead. The stop press says. Only these little facts interrupt the monotonous boom of the war. I get restless now & then & would like to be rubbing my back against London. And so must take a turn on the terrace, throw away my cigarette & go in to more rambling & discursive talk/ramble over all the counties of the mind – Yet, he says, I like this finished life of Keats: Bach & Shaw: then why pretend so? But a very handsome considerate man – not cindered into anything. And Nemerov – And forbids. & I suppose heretical. Yet discriminating. John a bit coarse, obtuse. He has bought for £5 in the Ladbroke Road a press & type. Talk of starting a magazine. I read her MSS poems – all reflections & gradual headings out, mostly unintelligible – (when I say we must discuss our works, unknowns Carving for praise, am I sincere? Could I do it? Never mind. Forge ahead, in my own bitter way.

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25th Sept.

The week end was sheer Duchess & has left me
sorting temper sorting mood. Eyes seems healed.
Getting one can't write a Dunlop seems foolish
one may as well kick oneself. Such depression
over me — making tools. And were pestered &
tormented with people — Portia Holman Lucy
John — Vita then Gt perhaps Judith — How can
I work & smash my head? But I intend to work.
& work at work

28th No I'm not sure the date. And Vita & Leonard here.
I'm going to stop R at 12. Then read something real.
I'm not going to let my brain addle. Like sharp nibs.
For somehow my brain is not very vigorous at the end yr
work like I did. Fairly off before or am I
merely sure? Why not believe it then? Want at my
Contentment find at the start that tells it. Do I
why go to Stevenson — Jekyll & Hyde — not much
to my liking. Very fine clear Sept. weather
windy but lovely light. And I cant form letters.

1st Oct. Then last week a mere scramble of people.
Gw Bradford: then Judith: asked & the night Hay.
Then Leslie.. talk talk — bowls in a
blizzard. Proof correcting. Then the dining
letter last night & silence alone work &
Rain today. But heart — my parents heart —
restored. London tomorrow. Sunday
Clearing up. Oh how torturing life is
Common. I like to get to drink a cup of
tea & always it's dashed from one. Judith
has her foreign school girl favourites
increased & the other contemplates Leslie
& Lily the 3rd. marry him — sorrows,
crushed & good humoured. Jonbridge walks
to the back home.

TYPL

6 Oct.

well. I have succeeded in despite of detractors & belong to other nations in copying out again the whole of Roger - Needless to say, it fails to be viewed, Conquered, vitalized. And can I ever do it? The detractors are so insistent. Today I'm asked to take on Burney's job on the St. James's. I've been shuffling into the forging ban of journalism - talking wisely on for a monthly article, making, or attempting to make, £15. 15. for it. At this is very flattering, & gratifying. And therein my detachment. Also therein the wear: or rather the non-wear. Nothing happens. All is held up. Nightly we sit learned answers a few facts, or a child's story of the adventures of a submarine. Hitler is said to make peace tomorrow today. London is all a fog; & also all a fever. Raymond wrote me an SOS letter; describing the whirlpool - round round - tweep of Curling papers & bits of straw - at the St. Ophia. Shaw writes an article: Maynard has a heart attack over it: K.M: a hysterical attack of hysterics. Stones is strong. Roar R.M. prays for help from Lou Lemon, even from me. Here it's distracted weather - hailstorms & gales & sun: Nessa is painting L: & Thoren a centre of rustic simplicity - old Bottles picking up the walnuts & warbling on L I sitting on Kingston Hill & watching the disintegrating clouds, hard like a sheet of feathered grey, blue wings over the channel. Suddenly rain - bursts - I dash home: a great evening, & bowls with L. I'm healthy. I compose articles on Lewis Carroll, read a great variety of books - Flaubert's life. R's lectures. out at last,

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a life of fragments. c Jacques Blanche. We are asked
to lunch with Mrs Webb, who never talks again.
And my hand seems as remorseless as an ashen.
I have composed nearly by tidying my room.
Cant settle to my way now as to the next step in
composition. Tom this week end.
I meant to record a Third Class Railway carriage
Conversation. The talk of business men. Their
male detached lives. Cab politics. Deliberate,
well set up, contemptuous & indifferent of the
feminine. For example: one man hands the E. Standard
points to a woman's photograph. Women? Let let
her go home & bowl her hoop" said the man in
blue serge with one smashed eye. "This
a drag on him" another fragment. The don is
going to lectures every night. Add to look into
this cool mans mood:- To wealthy tight
insurance clerks all on top of their work.
sealed up: self sufficient: admirable:
Caustic: laconic; objective: a completely
grounded fine Yet thin; sensitive: yet
Whalebone: yet men who earn their living
In the early tram they said, Cant think
how people have time to do to war. It
must be that the bloke haven't got jobs."
I prefer a fools paradise to a real hell."
"wars & lunacy. Mrs Hobbes "when not
are gangsters. Like Al Capone
Think enough which are can see art. or
books. They play cross words when
Insurance shop fails.

NYPL

Oct. 7th

The odd few more first days of complete nothing
when war broke out — have given place to a
such a pressure of ideas & work that I feel
the old throb & thin in my head more & a
drum than ever. The result partly shaking up
Journalism. A good move. I daresay: for it
compacts; & ~~I must~~ forces me to organise. I'm
markedly pulling together those diffuse
Chapters of R. became I know I must stop ads
an article. Ideas for articles obsess me.
Why not try the one for the Times? Do No
Women said than I'm ravaged by ideas.
Have to hold the Paper first — for I work how the
whole book turned in human hand by
Xmas — by Xmas. Chatman now demands —
Dog story: the other two sophisticated.
Do I have that floating about. In short
I'm more on the buzz than when I was
contemplating books only. And it keeps me
feverishly skating over the thin ice.
Have a fortnight to decide
Hitler terms. If rejected, all the guns
boom. Or we may get a last dope
week in London. And I don't much
want to go. Ona dotted here, it
seems congenial to stop. The war
applicant made the country gentleman
easy to solve. Jon sent me his Cat
seems today. A very wet day.
Ch. yesterday. Gages heard booming.
Exposed to show the house. A. & I in hiding
A. says the wch cry of I call her, compared with the
Judith Worsley Judith a butterfly. One
news of Li book: good; but merely
Expositional.
Clive says eugene
wants peace.

MYPL

Sunday
Oct 22nd?

On leaving Sly from Reigate to a part of a very different sort. We have been a week in London. The porter read, at Wimbledon: "The war begins.. Hotter says, Now it on". So on we drove to Mr. S.'s door. It looked to come to London the first day since" It seemed as if we were driving open eyed into a trap. The trap feeling was stronger these first days. I kept one eye pricked. The platforms on each- men - very many, very crowded. Wherever wounded. The dark men as thick as Hell. One seemed out of it. No women. There we sat. And people came running in & out. The Steward Forten; Tom: Stephen: John: We lunched with the Webbs. Necessary: All age means an accumulation of the past. Like Webb's abroad: a like shaw Sadler brand. The old woman, weary as white shelled headdress, was as alive as a leaf on an autumn bonfire: burning, Wholehearted. I was, I am, no not so much now. So learned, detached, with the trap on me. That I could not expand my mind to receive impressions. You never escape the war in London. People are all thinking the same thing. All return getting the day's work done. Hitches & difficulties hold one up. Very few buses. Tubes closed. No shelter. No lowering. Everyone hunched with— at Jews mark. Strain & graveness. Night its so wondrous & gloomy that one expects a badger or a fox to

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proof almighty pavement. A creature to the middle
age with all the glare & the noise
country returned to its former black horrors.
A torch blinks. An old Gentleman
revealed. His raincoat. That red light might be a
taxi or a lamp post. People grope their way
to each other's cars. We were talking
in our cars about 6 hours daily.
Great cathedrals dug up the square.
Gradually the sense of siege being
normal replaced the fear — the
individual fear. My ears were not
pierced. Mary irritating & evil
temper was rubbed. She was increased
by the sheer discomfort & perpetual need
for clearing drawers, arranging furniture.
The kitchen very small. Even the stairs
were small. No carpets. The
large stairs had. Mice
clerks scream like parrots.
Woodward left in torment & fear.
Rain poured — torpor unbridled
medieval rain. I wrote & rewrote in
barren horror Lewis Carroll — my
hands — but cold. Did nothing. Was
indeed in fretful useless distraction.
Sally was paralysed. L. had his rib
plastered. So we came down —
the world was outrageously dark & quaker
with this divine natural peace. My
brain is smoothing ahead. In this q
A & Q yesterday. Alone today &
for many days. Was an added
morbid week of many
disagreeable [illegible]

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630
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Wednesday
24? Oct.

about the 24th anyhow. And "the war began today":
so Ribbentrop said in rather howled last night.
For we for the moralle a half-hearted. Now then
Can I say anything about it here? Wave it
peters out. I rode my cycle to Lewes yesterday.
Has Nena come in painting d. a Tally is
recovering and it's a blowy but sunny
autumn day. And I'm screwed like a
via to the re Composing the last chapter
Wh. I'm running into one, called Transformations.
It's a question of arrangement. Then a new sketch
comes a allen all the Preparations. But
I think if I can be steadily for a fortnight
Shall have cracked it. Temptations to
waste other things set me. R. M. sends back.
A dog story and brings in Flow. Friends shaken.
Or a Journalist I'm in demand (not with the
Y. & S. though). To relax I read
Lilbe Dorrit & Thence I pass on with my
Rend. Never has I been so depressed my
own spinning. Gerald Heard back
Upon me to distraction last night. So
Good a reflection a farce for 200 pages: then a
mere bleat bitter objection Contra
Controversy & unreason. like a dog going
after its tail; & there is no tail. No, he's
Nothing to offer, and he's done historical
accounting. A mere tangle. And
his fanatical starved or he moved
Jay strangulated individuality
presides. a scream, a distracted
scream issues, instead of the dawning
Spread. So I shant read Aldous.
Wh. develops Gth in fiction. To to
lunch. And a meeting to typify.

to be

TYPE

Nov 1st

Ah how gladly I reach for this free page for a
10 minutes I can have after collecting & re-collecting,
digging in those old Extract books for quote
at the moment! And how congenial one is to the
tenor of freedom! How complete with the
confession & lucidity & logic of God writing his
Journal! Well, the plain truth is I can't.
Yet ideas shoot into my head perpetually. Only as
my head is always on the anvil – for I work
finish the week – they flow away unclaught.
Strikes me that Morgan probably keeps an
admirable diary. I'd like to ask Morgan
down. Our week ends are now taking the
place of our dinners. Rather a laborious
Extension. But here we are, settling in, very
steadily. To a country life, a thousand to be
said for it. The space, the contentedness, the
freedom. Every day on my walk I detect
colour both: the yellow dying, the warm colours
vanishing. Loveday tells is fairly brisk.
There was Raymond (Green trousers) Dora
Morris (yellow jersey). and (?) last Sunday.
Clive with his hair cut absurdly & truculent.
Janie's car has come. We are as free as
before almost with our double ration.
The car knocks & is draughty. We
went to Ten Wells. Here am I reading & clear.
One of these days I shall be free to write them.
Tonight I lectures to the new village
Group on Democracy. The village is hungry
for lectures. Tom comes for the week end.
Eddy Sackville wants humbly for night
work. London & 37 recede. Dim voices
reach us. No war news. An admirable
Naval man broadcast about a convoy.
And it's grey & misty.

6th Nov.

How glad I am to scribe to my free page - But I think I'm nearing the end of my trouble with Roger. Doing one more, the last page: & think I like it better than before. Think the idea of breaking up the last chapter into sections was a Good one. Hardly I can bring that end off. The worrying generalism is that it distracts. Like a shower on the top of the sea. Rain comes out Last week: it was not let up into obscurity & Expected. Letty had a tart & peevish letter the old time grievances I know so well - rankled - inspired. Then G.G. wrote but apart in the end. And then my answer - Why an answer should always make me dance like a monkey at the Zoo, getting down and walk. - then re-reading, I don't know. It wanted a day. I suppose it all pure waste: get at one's outsider, be an outsider. Only don't for God's sake attitudinise - take up the striking the becoming attitude.

Li: We had a day in London. Sh. Jes. Tom for the week end: more supple, less caked & rigid than 2 old. His teaching he told me, is what one improves with age. I suppose the working of the demon spirit which as usual he adored at & on Sunday morning, recovery commences from her Ellis - who did not impress her. The flat improved: a great thunderstorm: L. Caught Louis's cold: had to stand about a feverish cold: better now; but now its recovering: a overstrung impetuous idolatry - regret I hoped to see him - Edith Sackville has imposed her [illegible] upon us for the week end. Shall I tell him so? or

must unpleasantness be punished? But remember another
time how people grasp at straws. And how I
hate being a straw. Two days with the rearms,
just at the climax. And we're near so
many people: a these dolorous days are so
completely satisfactory. And if duty calls,
it's not to arrange your men with large
Country homes. Judy did not call me to
listen to her Bradfield last night. My head was
entranced to the raving, the strangled hysterical
dobbing swearing ranting of Hitler or the
Beer Hall. The offer of mediation – Holland –
Belgium – is the fate in the fire. Judy
they say there was an explosion after he'd left.
But true? There's no getting at truth now
all the loud speakers are contradicting each
other. It's a cross-eyed squint, like the
beams that make a tent over the Chonk
at night – the searchlights meet there.
Isabel is here: pathetic. Dine with
Dumb a Caltrina & Dumb & ask Hope to lunch.
Just to be. And now this ringing for lunch.

Monday
12th Nov.

Monday morning after a week end is a wash out.
I cannot re write Ri's last page. That said
to the account by Eddy. He was on Guard
against egotism, & was sorry a homy end: but
I walked I make alone to Charleston. –
Jasper sweet (on Nunc Dimittis and I Dey)
Woolfy Lytton's unlead. It's a proud
Make up no doubt: but I wanted peace.
I must devise a plan for reading
the after book Hoom. My flutter in the N S
was a fritter. I had a letter I alone in
the T L S. So I must dig myself in.
Indeed I don't see why I should poke

my head out again for a very long time. I've done my Derby as an outsider for some months. And I believe have only made myself more unpopular: ah yes: but forever. What the point. Never again shall I be asked to work for the T.L.S. That a fair. Mabel goes back on Wednesday; & we went to the old hatchy observancy with Lonie. Save for Robyn & A & G... but they don't count.

Nov 27th: Since I wrote here, we have been in London, had a party, A. & K. & Rose Macaulay. Celebrations & some back. This ale storm & rain now. May there be sunk men out in boats the magnetic mine actives- Ch. Theatre like a military shop walker- I've been drudging at 2 articles, one Blewitt; done & sent off Ri first chapter. Feel rather free now for revelations. I've finished & put in my place. In the Sunday Times- & Lord what a day! What a storm to rush through back to the house. Lunch Charlotte Stanley. Judith Bagenal; sharp; observant; but a scared sort. Should say a good worker. not a done. will marry her clergyman I should say. Clive away. I has sold a picture to the Queen. I forget about our legacy. How do we know how much- Stella's settlement money. This was a surprise- Henry wrote & told me- Perhaps £ or 500 each? Then with wine at any rate to gild our pill- the 7/6 welcome tax. A long war yet to be, Lord send the Empire to be destroyed in May. This is only the prelude to the operation- Now for the wet.

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29th Nov.

a nice time (Thesp visit from John, who pass out well under Lancelot Sebastian-dining in the kitchen &c — & Thesp arrive dam badly: infact steering under the blanket of war Rosenki Lets: L. slowly. Ideas sprout. For a Bloomsbury Book Club... for 'our' new magazine: I mean a revival of N.W.: to which Rosamund has sent a long story. Yes, the young do manage to hack along. I'm never to have a good review again. The Spec: has vicious, John says. And a long gossip... led nothing at Elton: its disastrous consequences. Repression. homosexuality. This explains, I suppose. John's dash. One add thing about the war is the failure of the post. No letter. John set fair when a letter comes. He can't make things work with Stephen. Stephen help-less about Hogarth & his partner it mostly. offers to bring it to the Hog. steals young writers &c. I think it an emotional crisis. Wind & rain. Again, after a crisis. review at archers. reviewing at R. brothers says do) want stock or cash? L. says cash. How much? I have only. 2 minutes left. I think) shall write a Monday Tuesday for N.W. no more long laboured articles at the moment. J. enthusiastic about Bs at Sakes, which is out tomorrow. Yes I take a back place. Now) don't mind that. Would), 20 years ago? J. says my R. pt. my interest: couldn't be said by the young. Partaging Outside Campaign a letter from Helen Lemon represents

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30d Nov.

very jaded & tired & depressed & cross, & so broke the
liberty of opening my fruity here - R. a fortune -
& what a fund . . . no more shall I'm
brain jaded & must leave the dessert to
tear up & cross out — must fill my mind with
air & light & walk & blanket at night.
Rubber boots help - Van Houndee over the
marsh. No I wish write a little memoir:

2nd Dec.

Tiredness & dejection give way at one day off
is taken instantly I went in & did my
exercise. In the evening my pain in my head
calmed - ideas came back. This is a hint to be
remembered. Always turn the pillow. Then
I become a swan & clear only I must have
them teh R is done. It was annoying to
get into the station & be disturbed with my
pamphlet. No more controversy for a year. I vow.
Ideas about written duty. No. I'll shelve
that. Began reading Freud last night; to
enlarge the circumference. to give my brain a
wider scope: to make it objective: to get
outside. Then defeat the shrinkage & age.
Always take in new things. Break the rhythm &
live the page, now & then. to note. Only they
wreathe after the mowing grind. Li
took out & noticed at length. I forgot to
note our very interesting talk about detachment at
3 t'other night. L. has trained himself to cut
adrift completely from personal duty: to
Common sense, because one has no real identity
there: & losing it frees one the only happiness
that secure. Yes. to learn to discern

very own work eliminating oneself. Then a push from
one feels it now & again — an astonishing freedom &
expansion. L: very subtle & wise: & clever
here it's made easier, owing to the open country.
I saw a kingfisher & a cormorant the other day.
Walk in rubber boots. Planes very active.
Russia attacking Finland. Nothing happens in
England. News no reason anywhere. Bullets
merely rampant. This suspends one's judgment:
makes it foolish even to discuss. It's like
being in a temporary shelter with a violent storm
raging outside. We wait. L.P. meeting here.
Great diversity & freedom among the villagers.
Oh & my memoirs with them to the typewriter. And
no letter. And the legacy may be £7 or £9.
We go for 37 to 2 nights next week, I
see Ethel & Virginia Simon. This life here has
now become the rule: & other the exception.

5th Dec

Two days in London: a great distraction: leaving
my mind in a form state, which record, being
also a mercy. Lady Simon: a 3 talk, so
a little disappointing. A new woman. Wish I
knew to expose mine system? I suppose so.
It's breaking into new levels & I can contemplate
them as distractions, & I daresay salutary.
Nothing — tempted to buy dress — or an
Austen like this Edgement. Get egg & Amberlene
as Freud advocates. (Jim fulping up Freud)
Then Ethel & Jessie. That upset me — Ethel
very — 5 incongruous curls, that made her
look vulgar & foolish. Also the hat
gone down hill. She is now that up

Gosse alone when old age - talks to Henry about
Henry I felt this pathetic: also somehow
ugly; homebaby: watching the old baby
seeking its corals: compliments: the old thing
when genius sits non-recognized. How
hideous to be reduced to that kind of
fabulousness - at 64. Something
pitiable, unreasonable: not unbecoming, but
near it. Or was it partly her curls that
were so distasteful? Gellie Chatterton about was
secrets: Ethel mumbling on about what Brewer
Walter said to — no I didn't listen when a
time. And his death; & what he said.
in bed about the wreckers. I think always
picky more than anything that I felt: & all her
clothes were undone: shoes: unbuckled - like
King Lear only without any tragedy & poetry.
And the old charm in abeyance. Oh the
went to Flesh. When I went to the
Palais Lafayette. Cut & that brilliant I
Wethed into dead darkness. had no torch.
a curious wild beauty - medieval. Then
feature - figures shuffling & dancing
below Robson. To stir the brew still
further, into a vast, wholesale, a letter from
the Forum asking me to write about
women & peace. Ask the old, a few new,
ideas upon rest & the outlook. I say
awake waking articles. It might be an
outlet. But do it I suppose I will but
would abjure controversy for a year! Just
R.F. a fine piece of work? But
for America? — then the money - then the
desire to let fly: also, I confess, to
publicity merely! Cant form either. Rainy
hard.

NYPL

6th Dec.

I suppose that is the date - this a Saturday morning. A bright fine & still, after the broken wheelspare of weather yesterday - we took Louie to Lewes to have teeth out, arriving Blackout Darvenshire first time. Like fog driving. one can't see people. All the cars have mask red eyes - the margins of the road are lost. But I'm thinking yr dozen things as usual. Would I begin my Forum article with a definition of angle, to explain my Angularity? Ideas pullulate. but escape when I try to catch them here. Freud is unbetting: reduces one to whirlpool; & I daresay truly. If we're all instinct, the unconscious, what's all this about Civilisation. the whole man. Freedom me!
Ithe Sarajevo against God good. the Fahrenen of loving one's neighbour. The Conscience as Censor. Hate ... But. I'm too mixed.
Ihe journey to begin Mill on Liberty. I'm making up for the harried London years; Spreading my mind, calmly to take in things wholly. Only that's Louie rings for lunch. And L. is irritated with Percy - all the bulbs dug up when we were in London. And then Raymond wants me to work - And there is writing done they love me - took that random shot to heart. I'm drawing so many hares in my team. Probably we get 1100 (Sloss) from Stella. A great hare a hare in the Kitchen. add that we shall eat it. So, there are the other wild ponies that tug me so many ways at once. And I shall walk myself calm this afternoon.

Saturday
18th Dec?

The letter in the room is so appalling that it takes me 5 minutes to find my hen. R. all unseen in bed. And I must write 50 pages, should he come up a Monday. Can't get the marriage chapter right. Preparation all wrong. Alteration, restoration, make it worse. But it's true. I don't just feel so much an over a weed. I want a lemon in re-write the year with. I shall never forget. Always I say to myself Remember the horror of that. Yesterday I rose, I suppose unecessarily, cheerful. 2 letters from admirers & 3 £: both genuine: one a soldier in the trenches: the other a distracted middle-class woman at Stroud. And a letter which I must now answer from Stephen, asking me to contribute "on the joys" or anything to Hogarth. No no. Still at war, he says with John. We went for Sloy to be in our own place. Bought rubber boots yesterday. Met Lydia. Flapped her shoes on Cornish. "Hush Walpole - Priestley - tell Leonard - Jacob - Catherine - off". Roars & laughs in the shop. I explained her celebrity - L bought a new mackintosh. Hogarth Horizon out: small; turned dull. So I think from not reading it. And now - oh now must tidy up. London, the Hutchinson &c. lovers. And I'm pressed to lecture the W.E.A. at Brighton. And I went for the Forum.

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Dec. 15th

Once more, auto-gto. I hunt for my dear old red-covered book, with what an instinct I'm not quite sure. For what the pawing makes these nights is I don't know; save that it betrays a tendency to encroach, & some yet may inherit the Lake. But what? For I never reach the depths: I'm two surface blown. And always scrabble & before going in — look quickly at my watch. Yes 10 minutes left ± what can I say. Nothing that needs thought: which is provoking: but auto-think. And think the very thoughts I would write here. About being an outsider. About my defiance & professional decency. Another allusion qa taut kind to Mrs W. - she's decree to kill reviews in the 1st days. Yesterday. Frank sweet words in the proof way, & she had had little yet. And this is surreal. Confused with what? on the Gray Spec is going to drown every month riders today into the jaws of Death. And forecasts & rock people are hiring aeroplanes from which to see the right. That seems to me to bring war into a new angle: & new psychology. No time to work out. Anyhow the eyes of the whole world (BBC) are on the same & several people must lie dead tonight, now agony. And we shall have it served up for us as we sit over our logs this bitter winter night. And the British Capt. has been given a K.C.B. & Horizon is out: & Lowell has had his teeth out; & we ate how much have pie last night; Mead Fleed on Groups; & I've been literary Rep: & then a the last page: & the glass drawn to an end: & we've asked Flowers for Xmas: & — now times up as usual. I'm reading Ruskin's diary — ah about the men the last war: & the Herbert diaries & ... yes. Dad on Shakespeare. & note overflows into my 2 books.